

# The Middletown Transcript

VOL. 43, NO. 10

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1910.

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MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE



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## RE-OPENING SERMON AT BETHESDA CHURCH

Rev. Edwin Whittier Caswell, of New York City, Made the Opening Address

Rev. Mr. Caswell introduced his sermon by saying, "I feel it a high honor which the officers of Bethesda Church have conferred on me, in inviting me to officiate at this, the greatest occasion in the history of this church for thirty years. I am conscious of my inability to measure up to the expectations of this hour, especially when I remember the many distinguished ministers who have served pastorates on this charge. I, however, content myself with this thought, that, in the midst of so much beauty of color, form and harmony in the transformation of this most beautiful auditorium in Methodism, you will not need an elaborate discourse in order to make this a most interesting and delightful occasion."

I am aware that the citizens of Middletown have been greatly impressed with the wonderfully winning way, as well as the remarkable genius of our pastor, Vaughan S. Collins, who has manifested great ability as a financier and general manager of this whole enterprise, which has reached such a triumphant and harmonious conclusion. If we could search the brain of Brother Collins for the aesthetic faculty, we would discover the Kohinoor Diamond, which has flashed its luster all over this auditorium."

Text: Psalm 132, verses 4 and 5.—I will not give sleep to mine eyes or slumber to mine eyelids, Until I find out a place for the Lord, a habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.

The soul being the temple of the Holy Ghost, a true worshiper will find, anywhere, everywhere and in everything among our Father's creations, the dwelling place of the Most High, where the devotional man or angel may worship, love and adore.

Jacob found his Bethel in a rude hillside, which became to him the House of God and Gate of Heaven. Moses found the burning bush a sacred spot, where God spoke to him in holy communion and command. In all ages, to one whose eyes have been opened, the groves are God's temples, and every bush is afire with divine flame. Where children play and men toil, where streets are crowded and cars are laden, in marts of business or on the wide ocean, commerce all may become the court of the Lord, the meeting place with the Almighty.

John Ruskin once wrote a friend, saying, "Come with me to Venice and see the glories of Italy." "Glories of Italy," replied the friend, "I have not yet exhausted the glories of my own back yard." Do we not come to the House of God to behold the beauty of the Lord and get the fragrance from the King's Garden. Notwithstanding this glorious truth, we know that Almighty God delights in special places of worship, dedicated to Himself a meeting place between great congregations and the All-Father. It is not good for men or angels to be alone. God did not send a single angel to sing a solo of "Peace on earth, good-will to men," but a whole choir of angels, and a multitude of the heavenly hosts suddenly joined in singing the anthem of praise, peace and blessed proclamation.

"He setteth the solitary in families," and an aggregation of families make the Church into one mighty brotherhood. We are not to forget the assembling of ourselves together, for "where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst." In the early history of the church, the Divine glory shone in the Tent and Tabernacle; then, in the more elaborate and beautiful temple. The Holy Spirit led David to plan and Solomon to build the Temple. It may be well to consider some of the blessings attending the worship of God in the churches. We come to the house of God for the purpose of communion and fellowship with our Heavenly Father. We expect to find the Master of the house at home, that we may feel our hearts burn within us as He talks with us in the holy place.

The ministry of music greatly aids our approach to the presence of the King. The soul, often dropping under burdens or trials, is wafted upon the wings of song, into the upper and heavenly atmosphere. The sermon is designed to bring the audience into closer touch with the Divine Spirit, until, at times, the sacred union of the speaker brings Heaven and earth together, while floods of light fill the open heart with a luminousness that shines on forever. The beauty, adornment and harmony of color and form, of the inner temple of worship, always aids devotion, while ugliness and inharmonious hinders such communion. The Psalmist understood this when he exclaimed, "See now, I dwell in a house of cedar, but the Ark of God dwelleth within curtains." David planned and Solomon built the temple more gorgeous than any private residence. Our Heavenly Father must be a lover of the beautiful, for "He has made everything beautiful in his season." Everything in the house of God should be in harmony with the God inspired taste for the true and the beautiful, as well as the good. These all aid in the reception of the spiritual, and in giving expression to our thanksgiving to the great Giver.

The church is the army of the Lord, seeking to save the lost. Millions of church members date their Christian birth at the consecrated altars of the church. I once heard of a wealthy man in the logging business in the West, who became deeply interested in the sermon an evangelist preached upon entire consecration. The following day, he invited the minister to an interview in a nearby forest. He requested the evangelist to offer a prayer of consecration for him. In the prayer the minister mentioned the man's stocks and bonds, fields and forest, home and loved ones. The rich parishoner said "Amen" to it all, and at the close of the prayer, remarked, "I will pray now," and he cried, "Oh Lord, you know my sin Jim; you know how wicked he is."

He is a disgrace to us all. Oh, Lord, save him—save him quickly—save him in these revival meetings." During the sermon that evening, a young man arose, and cried out to the preacher, "Can you stop preaching a moment? I feel that I must seek Christ now, before the sermon is ended." That young man was Jim, who found the great salvation that evening. The church is the special place where the Spirit's conviction touches the heart of the lost child and brings it back to his father's home with joy. Multitudes of Christian people have received the baptism of the fullness of the Spirit within the sacred enclosure of the house of God. Pentecost, no doubt, was in an upper room in the temple.

The prophet Isaiah felt this longing after the fullness of God in his youthful days as a prophet. King Uzziah had died, leaving greater responsibility resting upon his shoulders. One day, after the service of the temple was concluded, the burden on his soul became so great that he hurried alone for prayer. The congregation had departed—the priests were gone. The young man remained, agonizing in prayer for the endowment of Divine power. Suddenly the temple seemed filled with glory; the pillars appeared to tremble, it was like the "rushing, mighty wind." While gazing towards the Holy of Holies, a wonderful vision greeted his sight. He saw the King in His beauty, high and lifted up. The Lord was upon His throne, in all His purity and glory. Isaiah instantly realized his sinfulness, but, suddenly an angel, taking a living coal from the sacred altar, touched his lips and his sin was purged. He knew then that the pure in heart see God without fear. He knew that the Lord was his king now, and, longing to be a more active worker among his people he cried out, "Here am I, send me!" Isaiah found that having a heart aflame, he had a tongue of fire and the pen of a ready writer. Like Daniel, Paul and the beloved John, he had beheld a vision of the Lord of hosts, which gave him the most eloquent, persuasive and thrilling voice among all the Old Testament prophets.

Some people are so high and lifted up themselves, that they think they can only see the Lord by looking down upon Him. They wonder if He is any more than a good man; they doubt His miracles, His resurrection power, His Deity and Divinity, because they have tried to take away the Lord from His lofty throne. So they can say, "Now, He is one of us." But the true worshiper, in the church of the living God beholds the Lord, high and lifted up, with a name above every name, and a throne above every throne, and beholding the beauty of His holiness, the heart is filled with the Divine Presence and glory, as the atmosphere of Paradise is breathed upon the devotional spirit. While on the tablet of the heart is inscribed, "I am thine, Thou art mine." The church is not only for the communion of the worshippers and for the salvation of lost ones in the vicinity, but she is a fountain of the river of life, flowing from the "mouth side of the altar," an ever deepening and widening stream, blessing the lands of darkness and heathen dom. David saw the source of this divine River, when he said, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." This river, flowing through the Paradise of God, springs out anew in the foundations of every Christian church, "for everything liveth whither the river cometh." Christ is that river, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. It saves the sinful, it fills the hearts of the believers, comforts the bereaved, inspires the dying with hopes of life, eternal life. Waters wear the stones in the channel, but they are stones still. Their nature is not changed, and what the waters do not change, they petrify. In Arizona, the waters of the Colorado River, the specimens of agate that adorn many homes, hold, but there is no life or power in such beauty. It is the beauty of death. This life-giving current flows your way to-day, but it may be that it is only making you cold and hard and lifeless as marble. The Gospel River has life for all if we will receive it. There is no sick soul but these healing waters can save.

Here to-day is the Bethesda pool, a little eddy in this vast River of Salvation. Here we may be made whole; here we may bathe in the angel-troubled waters and be counted among the redeemed. Here hundreds have found healing, who are now on the banks of the River of the water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God. They look down with joy to see us, on our way up the River, to join them at the fountain of eternal blessedness.

Thank Heaven, men cannot bail this river dry with their little dippers of criticism; they cannot stop its flow, nor divert it from its onward course. Bethesda Church has been a missionary church from its beginning. It has poured out its treasure from the Sunday School and the congregation, to help roll on the mighty tide that is yet to fill the whole world of heathendom. It has given a greater proportion of money, to its membership, than most of the churches in the Wilmington Conference.

The church has been a manifold blessing in the work of civilization. "Every thing liveth whither the River cometh"—philanthropies and charities, schools and colleges, libraries and museums, homes and hospitals, temples of liberty and democracy, Hague palaces of peace—all these are flourishing on the banks of the river which flows from the church of the living God.

We expect to find fellowship among the members of the church, as we find love in the home. Paul exclaimed, "All are yours and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." By such golden links we are bound together in the Christian brotherhood, and to the throne of God. The

heroes of all the ages, all the nobility of God's universal household, we shall dwell together with love and know forever. We are all of the one blood of Calvary, of the one Father of God, of the one Elder Brother, Jesus Christ our Lord. We have one common home, in the palace of words, with the King of Kings and Lord of lords. This love for one another, the eleventh commandment the Decalogue, makes us long to meet together here, and to hope that we may know as we are known, beyond the tide of time.

Not long ago, there were three caped in a boat, during a great storm. The men clung to the boat while the ice froze over them. Two of them were young men and the third had a wife and baby. The two young men were soon frozen to death and sank into the stream. The married man hung to the boat and lived through it. He said, "Sometimes the ice would freeze on his body, and he would say to himself, 'I can't hold on any longer; I must go down. I will go down. But just as he would think of turning loose and going down, he would see the face of his wife and hear the voice of his baby, who seemed to say to him, 'Hold on, Papa! If you let go, I will have no papa in the morning.' He said that these faces at home caused the warm blood to rise up and melt the ice off his body. He was rescued at the break of day, saved by the faces of loved ones. This longing love between kindred is only a sample of the still stronger affection between those who make a part of the greater family of God.

When Mr. Moody was dying, he exclaimed to loved ones at his bedside, as he awoke from a vision, "I have seen Irene and Dwight," speaking of his children who had recently died. He further said, "This is God's call; it is my coronation day. Death is so sweet." Mr. Moody held on to the lifeboat in the midst of the waters of death, partly because he was in sight of the faces of his children, who were beckoning him homeward. In the struggle on the ocean of life, we often hear the cry across the waters, "Hold on, Papa! Steer this way; this is the haven of everlasting blessedness." The wife of Little Wolf, an Indian chief, accompanied him to Paris, where she died. They had lost four children, and, in answer to her husband's desire that she might live, she replied, "No, no. My four children call me. I see them beside the Great Spirit. They stretch out their arms to me, and are astonished that I do not join them."

Jesus, who came from the realms of bliss, understood fully about that country when He said, without qualification, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." "I will come again and receive you to myself that where I am, there ye may be also." Here is the solid rock of hope, the certainty of future fellowship and recognition in the great church family of the Infinite.

The people of the Nile were certain that there was what further up the Nile when they saw the chief Joseph had cast into the waters. The Christian church all through the ages, has received treasures floating down the river of life. We know there is a heavenly land rich with gifts and treasures, as much greater than we have already received, as wheat is better than chaff.

When Jacob saw the wagons Joseph had sent from Egypt, laden with food and gifts, though long in doubt, he exclaimed, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive; I will go and see him." When we, in the dying hour, see, not the wagons, but the angels, laden with dying blessings, who have come to bear us away on their snowy wings, to our immortal home, where all the loved ones who once left us, we often cry out, "It is enough; let me go where saints are going, to the mansions of the blest, where we shall never say good-bye again."

A few years ago, the La Gascoigne, a French steamer, was eight days overdue. A short time before, the ocean had engulfed the Elbe, with only a boatload of passengers saved. A hurricane had recently passed over the Atlantic. The Tonic, saved by almost superhuman effort, had not been seen or heard of the missing La Gascoigne. There were pale faces and aching hearts on both continents. Many believed the steamer was to be numbered with the City of Boston and the steamship President, which were never heard from. But, at last, at Fire Island, the telescope revealed a ship slowly limping along. Three hours more of agonizing suspense, and the glances reflected back the name, "La Gascoigne."

New York City was electrified with the glorious news. Flags were unfurled, bells rang, all the whistles were blown from the Battery to Sandy Hook. The cry arose from lip to lip, "She's safe, she's safe!" The round world rejoices with the friends who gather at the wharf. She comes up slowly into port. All eyes are strained to detect familiar faces. At last, she touches the shore. The gang-plank is out. A little boy, spying his father, cries out, "Oh, Papa, we thought you would never come back." Then the father grabs wife and child in his arms. Next, a tall man comes down the plank, toward a little woman, waiting, with loving eyes, on the shore. The last three steps the man jumped, and gathered the wife in his arms, while sobbing like a child. They were oblivious of the crowd who were weeping with them. The next was a woman. As soon as she touched the shore a half dozen loved ones grabbed her. One got her head, another her hand, another her coat, another her head, and then they kissed each other, and the thousands on the wharf cheered. There were hundreds of other incidents, just the same. The whole world was thrilled with joy that morning, making earth like heaven. Indeed, it needs no stretch of the imagination to picture the homecoming of the old Ship Zion, crowded with passengers, for the City of God. Yonder comes Zion's Eternal Steamer, never late, never wrecked, never lost. She has made another successful voyage. How proudly she rides, coming up through the Narrows, entering the broad bay of the glazy sea! The deck is crowded with passengers, gazing toward the ever-green shore. The beauteous of Glory are

in full view, where saints and angels wait to sing your welcome home. Think of the emotions thrilling hearts on board. What rejoicing that the voyage is o'er! The Cape Horn of dangerous shoals and rocks is past. The hurricanes of temptation are gone, the treacherous icebergs of cold skepticism left behind forever, the dangerous derelicts of doubt no more encountered and the mountainous billows of persecution and trial all overpast. The Straits of Death, the last enemy, successfully are passed through. A few more revolutions of the wheel, and you will be "That you have loved long since and lost awhile."

Some have already recognized you and, in another moment, you are among the immortals. Loved ones are about you, while all the music of Heaven rings in triumph over your homecoming. Indescribably greater will be the joy of that meeting than any earthly scene ever witnessed. You are escorted by the innumerable company up the Ocean Pathway, alongside the River of Life, which empties into the Sea of Glass, where angels moor their boats, and overhanging branches, bordering the River, are laden with fruits of that celestial climate. Crystalline fountains everywhere greet you, the groves of Paradise invite you; yonder is your mansion, hard by the Throne, where Christ, your Redeemer, waits to crown you and receive you into His blessed Presence, evermore to be with Him, while the cycles of Eternity roll. Yonder is the company of the martyrs, the apostles, the heroes, the multitude of the Redeemed; the wide universe is yours; all things are yours. You are unexpectantly satisfied, because you have awakened in His likeness and you will shine undimmed with the splendor of purity and the bliss of love, amid the holy fellowships of Home and Heaven.

In the midst of our joy we cry out, "Is this Heaven, and am I here? Is yonder my mansion, my home forever, and is that mother, who has long waited for me to come—the one who trained my feet in the way of truth, fondly caring for me in the helplessness of childhood, teaching me to lip the Savior's name and leading me to the altars of the church, in the early morning of life? Yes, this is mother, who said to me when dying, 'Be true to God, my son, and meet me in Heaven.' "Is yonder the father who watched over me in my youthful days, guarding my footsteps against the snares and pitfalls, leading me over the difficult places in life and establishing me in the work to which I was called? Yes, here are the loved ones again, reorganizing the home that once was so pleasant on earth, but has now moved away, when moving day came, to the eternal abode of heaven."

"Oh, then, what rapturous greetings On Canaan's happy shores, What knitting severed friendships up, Where partings are no more! Then eyes will joy shall sparkle, That brimmed with tears of late, Orphans no longer fatherless, Nor widows desolate."

The front door of this church opens earthward. There is a spiritual door in every true Christian Church which opens Heavenward. This sacred portal in the newly ornamented Bethesda Church lies between these two beautiful pillars, where the matchless artist has portrayed the Ascension of Christ. Gazing upon this glorious representation of the departure of Jesus, we think of the hour when He will come again and when we shall be caught up together with our Lord in air. We are also carried back to the fortieth day after the resurrection when Jesus with His disciples ascended Olivet.

Christ after promising to the disciples the endowment of Power, placed His hands upon them and blessed them. While they were gazing upon His form, white with light, as at the transfiguration, suddenly the Saviour seemed to be growing taller and taller, His feet no longer touched the ground. See He is rising, rising, while a cloud of angels ascending to see Him start for glory. He waves his hands in farewell to his devoted and astonished disciples, and turns his face toward the gates of Light which are opening to let the King of Glory in. Up, up, He rises till now He is the unseen Saviour, to earthly sight. Since that wonderful hour the dying go to Him instead of leaving Him behind on the earth when the moment of departure comes.

Two angels clothed in white stood beside the little company of bereaved followers, and said, "Why stand ye gazing up into the Heavens, this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as you have seen him go into Heaven. The angels words seemed to imply that they should not stand gazing while there were great blessings to be received and a world to be saved.

Our duty to-day is to go preach to all the world, go build the churches and institutions of learning, go work in the vineyard, till the Lord returns to reward his servants.

## MATHEMATICAL PRODIGY

In the village of Hubbardston, Ionia County, Mich., lives Thomas Carmel O'Neal, perhaps the most wonderful mathematical prodigy in the world. Answers to the most intricate problems appear to him instantaneously, as in a photograph. The discovery of his wonderful gift came to Mr. O'Neal in 1873, when he was twelve years old and attending a country school. Problems in mental arithmetic were solved by him without effort, and he quickly multiplied two rows of fifty figures each. Mr. O'Neal can reduce years and months to seconds, miles to rods, feet to inches, etc., with lightning-like rapidity. He takes twenty-five rows of figures, with one hundred figures in each row, and adds them as fast as he can write the answer. Then he multiplies the first and second row, that product with the third row, and so on to the termination of the twenty-fifth row. The final answer contains about twenty-five hundred figures. While performing this feat he also extracts square root, cube root, and adds long rows of figures. Squaring seventeen and its products one after the other seven successive times, he has placed the answer on a roll of paper six hundred and fifty feet long six times the length of it. This makes an answer thirty-nine hundred feet long. Mr. O'Neal says he can square numbers instantaneously that would take from the first of creation to the present day to figure out in the ordinary way. Mr. O'Neal has a small compendium cannot be persuaded to put his gift to practical use.

## USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW

Fried ham is improved in flavor by sprinkling it slightly with sugar on both sides before frying.

Have a pair of canvas gloves near the woodbox, with which to handle the wood, take out the ash pan, etc.

A glazier's knife will be found an excellent thing in the kitchen with which to scrape and clean the bottoms of pans and kettles.

When baking cookies, or any small cakes, invert the pan and place them on the bottom. They are not so easily scorched and are more readily removed.

When pressing men's trousers, in order to take the bagginess out of the knees, press them first perfectly flat with the seams on the edges; then put the seams together and iron the crease down the front.

Ask the good man of the house to look at the supports of your swinging shelves in the cellar, before they come down under the load of canned things. Such a smash would be grievous, indeed.

When choosing a carpet, if you have to study economy, select one with a small pattern and of a light color. The small pattern cuts to a greater advantage, for there is less waste in matching the design as the broadness are sewn together, and when the wool begins to painfully against the string foundation as it would if it were many shades darker in tone. There will be also economy in time in the lighter well covered carpet. Every thread and speck of dust will not show on it as in the heavy reds and blues.

Powdered boric acid sprinkled on a lace yoke or collar, and laid away for a day or two and then well shaken out, will remove the soil. This saves labor and patience, rather than the old way of taking out and replacing the yoke each time for cleaning.

It will be economy to finish your sheets with the same width hem at each end. By so doing they can be used either side up, and gain much wear.

For cleaning all kinds of teapots, pots, dials, insides of pots and pans, also enamel bowls, nothing can equal wet emery cloth. It is splendid also for polishing tin or zinc basins.

To clean cloudy water-bottles, mix half a teaspoonful of spirit of salts with half a pint of water. Pour it into the bottle and shake well. As soon as the acid comes into contact with the cloudy deposit it will remove it.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk will restore crepe.

Vaseline and yellow ochre are used as dressing for sunset shoes.

To clean mortar of pearl apply a paste of whitening and wash off with cold water.

A tight ring will come off easily if the band is placed in very cold water for a while.

If a glass stopper becomes fixed, warm the bottle near the fire and then put a few drops of sweet oil round the stopper and again warm the bottle. Then knock the stopper lightly against wood and it will be easily removed.

For dull and speckled mirrors take a small portion of whitening, and add sufficient cold tea to make a paste; rub the glass with warm tea, dry with a soft cloth, rub a little of the paste well on the mirror, and polish dry with tissue-paper.

The woman who is obliged to go to her place of business daily, rain or shine, should keep a neat pair of slippers or shoes in her office closet. It is most injurious to keep damp shoes on all day, and moreover, it rests the feet to change the shoes, provided there be an opportunity.

Old stockings cut into neat pieces and either hemmed or buttoned coarsely in a bright cotton, make excellent polishers for furniture, brass, and woodwork.

Never sweep or dust a room with the windows down. If possible have them open on opposite sides of the room so there may be a strong current of air.

New rope may be made pliable by boiling it in water for a couple of hours. Its strength is not diminished, but its stiffness is gone. It must hang in a warm room and must not be allowed to kink.

A small medicine bottle is useful for holding embroidery needles. Keep it in the work basket.

A leather bag of convenient size should be made to keep very fine pointed scissors in, for it not only protects the sharp ends, but saves the hands.

If one has a piece of roofing slate and will heat it in the oven, it can be placed under the bread pan and the water bread will rise more quickly. Cover well to keep in the heat.

It is claimed a splendid ironing board cover is made by tacking Burlap to the board and then covering it with a double thickness of old white flannel. This makes a firm, smooth covering which never wrinkles like the blanket covering.

Pearls will never lose their luster if kept in dry magnesia instead of wrapped in cotton.

To clean discolored ivory knife handles rub them carefully with fine emery or sandpaper, then polish.

A little ammonia in the water used for bathing will remove perspiration and the disagreeable odor caused by it.

A little sweet oil thoroughly rubbed into the patent leather with a soft flannel cloth will make the shoes look like new.

Sweet almond oil or coconut oil rubbed into the eyebrows and lashes before retiring tends to make them grow thick and look glossy.

Soiled spots may be removed from white silk or satin by rubbing the spot with soft flannel cloth dipped in a little alcohol or water.

To prevent embroidery on sheer materials from puckering, basten yams paper under the part to be embroidered. It will easily pull away when the work is finished.



## The Middletown Transcript

UNPUBLISHED SATURDAY MORNING

Middletown, New Castle County, Delaware  
—BY—  
T. S. FOURACRE.

LONG DISTANCE PHONE NO. 37.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., MARCH 5, 1910

### JACK GODWIN JAILED

While not invoking any Draconian penalty upon this briber thus justly brought to book, neither are we joining those maudlin apologists of his grave crime, who are so tragically bemoaning his richly merited fate—as though some good man, overwhelmed in heroic endeavor, undeservedly felt the heavy hand of misfortune!

We have no patience with that brand of fools who are already prating of "pardon for poor Jack," as though this professional briber were some worthy patriot fallen a martyr to duty! One wonders, too, if the fate of some honest mechanic crippled in the useful pursuit of an honorable craft, would have loosened this millionaire Craig's purse strings in such open sesame fashion as did the fate of this notorious malefactor caught red-handed in crime!

We are not condemning Jack Godwin above his fellow briber, Jack Barr, upon whom in Sussex the sharp ax of justice has been leveled to fall less heavily, but we do felicitate all Delawareans that at last a brace of the rascals, who for hire would undermine the very Temple of Liberty, have been made to feel the lash of the law.

The event is the auspicious harbinger of a better day for our Commonwealth—of a purer ballot and a cleaner legislation! Gone are the classic olden days when Democratic voters were wont to perch on rural fence rails awaiting the competitive purchasers of their own party; gone those later dishonorable days and scenes, when, to the shame of a large fraction of the Republican party, a rich rogue like Addicks dared unrebuked to disburse a bribe check of almost a million! Thank God neither those earlier, nor these later bribes, could now with such impunity be perpetrated.

Thus we are beholding the spectacle of a representative scamp from each of the two parties pilloried before all the people of this state as convicted felons; and the wrath of that people should fall swiftly and dire upon the head of any one, in private or official station, who should seek to abate one jot of the punishment so meritedly visited upon them both.

**CHAUNCEY AGAIN IN THE LIMELIGHT**  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—In celebration of the one hundred and seventy-eighth anniversary of the birth of Washington, the National Capital to-day was ablaze with bunting. Meeting of patriotic societies were held in commemoration of the day. In the Senate Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, read Washington's address to a throng which tested the capacity of the galleries.

The public still recalls the miserable fashion in which the New York Senator was smirched in the disclosures of the financial crookedness of himself and other officers of the four big Life Insurance Companies in that state a few years ago. Consequently Chauncey was not for quite a long spell thereafter so chipper in everlastingly parading in the public prints his postprandial utterances for public delectation. But he fancies, perhaps, they have forgotten his evil career in the United States Senate or his equally discreditable earlier record in the Legislature of his own state which impelled Senator Roscoe Conkling at that time to affix to his name the famous stigma of "the over-seer who says whoa to the Vanderbilt cattle at Albany!" So this senatorial buffoon, who really is at his best when arrayed in cap and bells disporting in after-dinner jesting, has the effrontery to issue from the merited obloquy and oblivion to which a contemptuous public opinion had consigned him, to parade himself once more in the forefront of so honorable an occasion as the reading of Washington's Farewell Address to his senatorial confreres and the public! Shade of the immortal Father of his Country! Were his noble words ever repeated by lips more ignoble than those of this audacious, ribald hireling of the Predatory Interests!

Could that indignant patriot, Shade speak, he would voice a protest scarcely less emphatic than if Benedict Arnold himself had been selected to read his words!

### OFFICIAL DISRESPECT FOR LAW

"The growing disrespect for law, not alone among those who live by its violation but even among the sworn officers of the law, when it runs counter to personal convenience or prejudice, is well illustrated by a case that is reported from Middletown. We find the facts set forth in the current issue of the MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, by Mr. William E. Wright, a citizen of Middletown who seems to stand practically alone in his protest against what appears to be an attempt on the part of a magistrate and town commissioners of Middletown to protect a violator of the law from the consequences of his wrongdoing. Even THE TRANSCRIPT makes no comment upon the case, leaving its courageous correspondent to bear the brunt of objecting to conduct on the part of the town officials which should arouse the ire of every citizen of the State.

"But Mr. Kirk seems to have some hold or some undue influence with the officials of Middletown, and it is against this state of affairs that Mr. Wright very justly protests. Of course he should receive the moral encouragement and active support of every citizen who respects the law and of every newspaper in the State.

This particular case in its immediate results concerns only Middletown, but it involves principle that concerns every community in the country, and we join Mr. Wright in protesting against the action of Magistrate Cox and the town commissioners in relation thereto."—The Star.

The Star's censure of THE TRANSCRIPT for failing to comment upon the Kirk sale of cigarettes to small boys is unmerited. Reference to our issue of February 12th will show The Star that we commented with great severity upon Kirk's excruciating offense in corrupting the Middletown lads.

We are glad to find our esteemed contemporary uttering so manly a protest against the vile traffic that for a few pennies would injure both the health and morals of helpless childhood.

We are also pleased to learn that, consequent upon the campaign against this great evil started by THE TRANSCRIPT three weeks ago and vigorously pushed by it ever since, a movement has been begun in other towns to stamp it out. We trust that the indignant citizens of our State everywhere may likewise do their duty in protecting their little lads against the unscrupulous greed that would work their ruin.

[Communicated]

### THE FARMER

MY DEAR SIR:—Your readers should be little more interested in their general welfare than appearances do indicate. I know that principally, your circulation lists include men, whose calling is the same as my own and I know that therefore they should take a greater interest in "the farm" than they do.

The day is not far distant, when a farmer will have greater opportunities than he at present enjoys, for the very simple reason that we to-day do business as individuals; but I forecast for the granges of our country more popular than they have now, and that means in reality the most significant fact that this continent of ours will ever know, and the present time is but the dawning of this new era.

It will be for the benefit of all and in its scope most everything will be possible. We will one day have our own factories, and make our own machinery and more of it will be used than now for the simple reason that there will be eliminated the two profits of today, i. e., the manufacturer and the middleman or agent who to-day thrives wonderfully off the needs of we who do the work.

The creamery as run and operated will be stupendous in its possibilities, inasmuch as the city milkman will be altogether extinct and there will be the infinitely better prices to the producers and a much lesser cost to the consumers with its incidental better product and no need for the doctored quantities so that the cities poor will not live in the wake of positive death or disease as now they are compelled to do on account of the direct drive for filthy lucre by the dishonest city milk dealer.

There will be in our cities uniform prices for everything of the dairy at depots established and directly operated by men who know and understand, who also are paid a good living wage. This idea will kill the twelve city milkwagons delivering in one block for the one wagon will do all and the huge expense as now will be naturally obliterated.

Further, we will have direct connections with the proper channels of information on crops and it will be our fault if an acre of ground does not yield that which it should.

No wheat or corn kings and with living for the wide world at a proper figure will mean a blessing to our people, and Mr. Reader as your laugh sounds out as you read this remember that it will all come to pass one of these days.

A FOOL FARMER.

[Communicated]

### A MOTHER'S VIEW

MR. EDITOR:—Reading in THE TRANSCRIPT "Father's" letter recalled to me having seen a number of small boys apparently under and over 8 year of age smoking, I suppose cigars. This was during a visit to Middletown a few weeks ago and I wondered did the parents know the ruinous, say, deadly effect this habit would have on the immature little boys, that grows with each indulgence, ruining their morals, health and stunting their growth, so that their whole life is backened, their health ruined—for a brief moment's indulgence in this dreadful so-called pleasure that commences its deadly work at the first puff.

One greatly interested. A MOTHER.

PAINE ACCEPTED DEVOTE'S OFFER

Good yarn: How Devote got an agent at Delhi, N. Y. Gladstone & Paine were agents for Devote wanted—. Paine was painting his big Colonial house. Said it took 10 gallons of white for the trim.

Devote sent him 10 gallons and said: if you get it all on, no pay; if you have any left, return it and pay for the rest. Agreed. He returned four gallons and took the agency. Four or five years ago. He knows now that his old paint was and is adulterated; that's why it took ten gallons to equal six of Devote.

By the name; there is but one name to go by: Devote and zinc.

J. F. McWHORTER & SON.

### THE WILMINGTON CONFERENCE

The Program Was Prepared by Rev. T. E. Martindale

The program of the annual session of the Wilmington Methodist Episcopal Conference at Salisbury, has been made public. It was prepared by Rev. T. E. Martindale and is as follows:

Monday, March 14—8 P. M., examinations, Presbyterian lecture room.  
Tuesday, March 15—2 P. M., Evangelistic institute, speaker, Rev. W. H. Morgan, D.D.; 8 P. M., missionary sermon, Rev. E. C. Macnicol, D.D.  
Wednesday, March 16—9 A. M., Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; 10 A. M., opening session and organizing of the conference, Bishop John W. Hamilton, L.L.D., presiding; 2 P. M., evangelistic institute, speaker, Rev. Dr. W. H. Morgan, D.D.; 8 P. M., popular lecture by Bishop Hamilton at the courthouse for the benefit of the injured San Francisco churchmen, subject, "Some persons of Quality in Boston."

Thursday, March 17—8 A. M., devotion; 9 A. M., conference session; 1:30 P. M., conference claimants anniversary, chairman, Rev. H. S. Thompson; speaker, Dr. J. B. Hensley; 3 P. M., anniversary of Woman's Home Missionary Society, president, Mrs. C. C. Browne; speaker, Mrs. Wilbur P. Thirkield; 7:30 P. M., anniversary of the Conference Epworth League, chairman, Rev. D. J. Givens; speaker, F. H. Swift, of Baltimore, subject, "The Missions of the Epworth League."

Friday, March 18—8 A. M., devotion; 9 A. M., conference session; 10 A. M., Bishop's address to the class for admission; 1:30 P. M., anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, chairman, Rev. C. T. Wyatt, D.D.; speaker, Rev. Henry Farmer, of Washington, D. C.; 3 P. M., Board of Education, chairman, Rev. J. W. Kellogg, D.D.; speaker, Dr. Thomas Nicholson; 7:30 P. M., Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, chairman, Rev. Adam Stangle; speaker, Rev. Henry Forbes.

Saturday, March 19—8:30 A. M., devotion; 9 A. M., conference session; 3 P. M., anniversary of Freedman's Aid Society, chairman, Rev. H. P. Quinn; speaker, Dr. J. G. Spencer; 7:30 P. M., temperance anniversary, chairman, Rev. J. M. Arters. Sunday, March 20—9:30 A. M., conference love feast in charge of Rev. C. W. Pettysman, D.D.; 11 A. M., sermon by Bishop John W. Hamilton, D.D.; 2 P. M., anniversary of the Board of Sunday Schools, chairman, Rev. W. G. Koon; speaker, Rev. O. S. Baketel; 3:15 P. M., ordination of deacons and elders and consecration of deaconesses, in charge of Bishop Hamilton; 7:30 P. M., Board of Board of Foreign Missions, chairman, H. S. Goldey; speaker, Rev. Dr. John F. Goucher.

Monday, March 21—8:30 A. M., devotion; 9 A. M., conference sessions. Subsequent sessions will be at the order of the conference.

The program shows many prominent churchmen as speakers during the session, over which Bishop John W. Hamilton will preside.

### Mutual Loan Association

The 37th Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Mutual Loan Association of Middletown, Delaware, will be held in the office of the Secretary on Tuesday evening, March 15th, 1910, at seven o'clock for the purpose of electing a President, a Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, to serve one year; also, three directors to serve three years. The books are now open for the Sale of Stock in the 38th Series.

ALFRED G. COX, Secretary.

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## The Middletown Transcript

Mails Close as Follows:  
Going North—7:30 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m.  
Going South—7:30 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m.  
For Odessa—7:30 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m.  
For Warwick, Cecilton and Earlville 9:30 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., MARCH 5, 1910.

### Local News

Spring weather soon.  
Robin red breast has made his appearance.

Ladies are studying Easter styles.  
Try Blome's rye bread and cream puffs.  
Middletown churches are preparing their Easter programs.

Dr. J. Allen Johnson will examine your teeth and give estimate without charge.

I pay the highest cash prices for all kinds of fur.

An electrical storm accompanied by a heavy rainfall visited this section Monday evening.

All kinds of fresh and salt meats, Sausages, Serraple and Land Constantly on hand.

Just received a carload of Supreme House Feed. Let us have your orders.

MIDDLETOWN FARM, INC.

Our personal column can be made more complete and interesting if our readers will send notices of entertainments and visitors.

Highest cash prices paid for all kinds of Poultry and Eggs. W. C. JONES.

We have stored in our Crates, YELLOW COB COEN for sale, terms to suit the purchaser. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

Phone 5.

The Rev. Percy Lowry Donaghy, Rector of St. Anne's, preached at the Episcopal Church at Chestertown, Md., on Friday evening.

At the Town Election on Monday next, between the hours of two and four o'clock P. M., Mr. Frank Davis will be a candidate for Treasurer.

FOR RENT—stable on West Main street, opposite National Hotel. Possession March 25th. G. E. HUKILL.

Be fitted to just the right model of The American Lady Corset for your individual figure and obtain the correct foundation for your new gown. MISS SHERBORN.

Stored in our Warehouses all kinds of FERTILIZERS for SPRING CROPS. Send your terms and we will give them prompt attention. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

Phone 5.

Have your Live Stock Insured against death from any cause, in the Indiana & Ohio Live Stock Insurance Co. For rates write to JOHN J. JOLLS, Agent, Middletown, Delaware.

The public sale of Mrs. William Taylor and Mrs. J. W. Barnett has been postponed and will take place to-day. See ad. in another column.

We will have in our Warehouses 5 Car Loads of SEED POTATOES, shipped direct from MAINE. True to name. Place your orders early.

Phone 5. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

After October first, the Library hours will be as follows: Tuesday, 3.30 to 5; Friday, 7 to 8.30; Saturday, 3 to 5. The Library will be open on Tuesday evenings, from 7 to 8.30, for school children exclusively.

The young men of Middletown will give their annual Easter dance in the Opera House, Monday evening, March 28th. The First Infantry Orchestra of Wilmington, will furnish music for the occasion.

Wood's Glove, guaranteed to perfectly clean dirt gloves, cloth, silk or other finery without leaving a stain, streak or spot. No gasoline or benzine. No odor. Rub cake on dry, wipe off with damp cloth. MISS SHERBORN.

We have in STORAGE several hundred tons of HIGH GRADE LEHIGH and BITUMINOUS COAL. You don't have to place your order before-hand as it is ALWAYS IN STOCK. We have just added to our yard a nice lot of SAWED WOOD. Phone 5. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is having erected at the railroad station in this town, an iron tank, to supply water for its engines. The tank when completed will be 40 feet in height and 20 feet in diameter, and will have a capacity for 50,000 gallons of water.

Unclaimed Letters—The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the post office for the week ending February 24th: Mrs. Laura A. Townsend, Mrs. Janie Trout, Miss Mary Walker, Rev. J. E. Brown (2), Mr. William Duckery, Mr. Fiebas Williams, Mr. Norman Bishop.

The Rev. F. J. Kineman, Bishop of the Diocese of Delaware confirmed a case of four young ladies at St. Anne's Church Sunday morning, and preached the sermon then, and at the four o'clock service in the afternoon. In the evening the Bishop held service at Seaford, Del.

Mr. Frank Cochran a farmer residing near Galena, Md., was taken to Baltimore, Md., last week, where he was operated on for appendicitis. A telegram was received here Friday morning, saying that Mr. Cochran was critically ill, with little hopes of recovery.

Constantly on hand, all sizes of the Best Veins and best prepared Hard Coal, for Heaters, Ranges and Cook Stoves. Clean and full weight. Prompt delivery at lowest prices. Also Cord Wood sawed to stove length, \$2.00 for cordwood. If you have not been using our coal, try it and be happy. G. E. HUKILL.

The Rev. Virgil Redd of Trappe, Md., preached in St. Anne's on Tuesday evening. Mr. Redd was the Rector of the Parish in which the boy nineteen years ago. The Rev. John Rigg of New Castle, Del., preached in St. Anne's on Wednesday evening.

One of the most far reaching reforms ever inaugurated by the Pennsylvania Railroad went into effect recently when an order was issued prohibiting all employees of the passenger and freight stations east of Pittsburgh from using tobacco in any form while on duty. The order aims at cleanliness and sanitation.

Any subscriber of THE TRANSCRIPT failing to receive the paper regularly each week will confer a favor by notifying us at once. Your paper is mailed every Friday evening and failure to get it may be due to fault in the address. Unless you complain we will not know that you have cause for complaint.

### FOR SALE—Maine-grown Seed Potatoes, \$2.50 to \$2.75 bag. Onion Sets, \$2.00 to \$2.50 bushel.

JOSEPH E. HOLLAND, Milford, Del.

Mr. Charles Whitley Bush of Wilmington, will make the Missionary address in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in Odessa Sunday evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

Mr. Bush is a member of the New Castle County Bar, and eloquent and forcible speaker, and the public is invited to attend the service.

George Barber, Sr., George Barber, Jr., and John Petri, of Seaford, were arrested by railroad detective Armstrong Wednesday evening, while loitering around the depot. They were given a hearing before Squire Cox, who imposed a fine of \$3.00 and costs on each of the three prisoners, the trio being unable to pay their fines, were taken to the workhouse Thursday evening, where they will spend 40 days.

The Rev. Arthur W. Spooner, D.D., conducted evangelistic services in Forest Presbyterian Church last evening, and will again do so this evening. He will continue these services on to-morrow (Sunday) morning and evening, and on every evening of the coming week except Saturday evening. On to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at three o'clock he will hold a meeting for "Men" only, his subject being "Home-making and Home-breaking." All men are cordially invited to attend this service.

An exciting runaway occurred on Saturday morning, when two horses belonging to Mr. Joseph Woolleyhan of Earlville, Md., became frightened and dashed up Main street at a fiery gallop until they reached the corner of Main and Broad streets, where they attempted to make a turn up North Broad street, but suddenly changing their course and ran against the brick wall on the West side of S. Buretan's store. One of the horses dropped on the pavement as if dead, but after removing the harness, the animal got up apparently uninjured. In the crash the wagon tongue and harness were broken, otherwise the damage was slight.

A delightful afternoon was spent by the members of the New Century Club on Tuesday, when Mrs. J. Frank Ball of Wilmington, was the guest of the Club. Mrs. Ball gave a parliamentary drill in which the members of the club took part. The drill was instructive as well as amusing, and a good deal of fun was indulged in. The was served and the members passed a social hour with Mrs. Ball, who has been here before and is always welcomed by the Club. The program for next Tuesday's meeting includes: "Delaware laws for Delaware women," Mrs. Martin B. Burris, Chairman; "Home Life of the German Empire," Mrs. J. L. Shepherd.

Mr. G. D. Grier of Philadelphia, gave an instructive and interesting talk before the pupils of the Middletown Public School in the assembly room on Wednesday afternoon from three to four o'clock. Mr. Dyer, who is blind, told his audience how the blind are instructed to do the most difficult work, and the manner in which they are taught in their schools. He also informed them of the enormous prices charged for all printing for the blind, and concluded his remarks by saying that large sums of money are being expended in educating the 80,000 blind citizens in the United States. A collection was taken up for the speaker which amounted to about \$3.00.

### MISSING YOUNG MAN LOCATED

Douglas Lockwood on His Way to Parents at Honolulu

The many friends in this section of Douglas Lockwood, who disappeared from Broad Street Station in Philadelphia, on February 10th, will be gratified to learn that the young man has been located, and his relatives and friends who feared some accident had befallen him are truly delighted.

Mr. Lockwood, who had been staying at Elwyn, Pa., was permitted to go to Philadelphia, and the relative left his home in leaving him at the station. But Douglas was thinking rapidly and plans were quickly made, so with \$10 in his pocket he started across the continent for San Francisco, Cal., intending to take a steamer for Honolulu where his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lockwood live.

A letter received by a relative in Middletown from Mr. Lockwood says Douglas wrote him after his leaving Philadelphia, telling of his plans for reaching Honolulu. It is thought that friends will see that he reaches his destination in safety.

### FUT OF A "JOKER"

Two of our ladies were talking the other day in some way the telephone subject came under discussion. They both had "party-line" telephone. One of the ladies was telling about how unenjoyable it was in her neighborhood is. To use her own language, the somebody who "talk to some other fool for half an hour and never say anything but, and here I will be nearly wild wanting to order things for dinner or tell John what I want him to bring home. Are you bothered with this?" The other replied: I used to be but am not any more. A friend of mine who is connected with the service told me how to put on a "choker" and I will tell you. You may have noticed those two metal knobs at the top of the instrument. Well, they are there whether you have noticed them or not. Now, when somebody has used the line about twice as long as they ought to, I just lay a key or a short piece of wire across those two knobs. Then, in a minute or two, I take off my short circuit and get control all right. I need to feel as if I wanted to say bad words, but now I let the goings feel that way." The hint was thankfully received by the one to whom it was given and perhaps some of THE TRANSCRIPT's readers will be thankful too.

### SALES TO TAKE PLACE

THURSDAY, MARCH 10th, 1910.—Public Sale of stock, farming implements, etc., by William Henderson, on the road leading from Dog Town to Paterson's School House. D. P. HUTCHISON, Auctioneer.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10th, 1910.—Public sale of stock, farming implements, etc., by R. S. Carpenter, E. R. Carpenter and E. G. Carpenter, one mile west of Fort Penn. H. V. BUCKSON, auctioneer.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16th, 1910.—Public sale of stock, farming implements, horse good, etc., by Mrs. Lizzie Brothers, on the Money Farm. D. P. HUTCHISON, auctioneer.

THE TRANSCRIPT, \$1 per year.

### THE TOWN ELECTION

Two Commissioners, a Treasurer, an Assessor and Alderman to be chosen

As stated in THE TRANSCRIPT last week, the annual Town Election will be held on Monday next, March 7th, between the hours of one and four o'clock in the afternoon. At this election two Commissioners will be chosen to succeed Messrs. George V. Peverley and Joseph Hanson, whose terms will expire on that date. The two retiring commissioners have filled the offices of President and Secretary respectively for several years past, and have demonstrated to the satisfaction of our people that they are competent to look after the interests of the town; and should a majority of the tax-payers by their votes, re-elect Messrs. Peverley and Hanson, the town will be assured a safe administration. Several other good men have been mentioned as possible candidates, but at this writing it is impossible to state whether their names will be offered the tax-payers for their consideration.

At the same time an Assessor, an Assessor and Alderman will be chosen for one year respectively. The late Edward Reynolds was town treasurer at the time of his death, and it will be necessary to elect his successor this year, and the names of Messrs. Daniel W. Stevens and Frank Davis are mentioned for this position.

As S. S. Holten who has served in the capacity of Assessor for several years, will likely be re-elected without opposition, while Alfred G. Cox will be re-elected as Alderman.

At this election all tax-payers are entitled to a vote, and every good citizen who has the interest of the town at heart, should turn out and cast his ballot—and thus demonstrate to his neighbor that he too has an interest in the management of our town.

### ROLLS OF HONOR

Pupils Who Have Attained an Average of 90 Per Cent. During Month of February

Middletown Public Schools

Elementary Grade—Mrs. Mary E. Hall, Lena Weber, Agnes Burman, Estelle Beaton, Rupert Burman, Alfred Connelley, Tenth Grade—Robby Whitlock, Irving Brockton, Ninth Grade—Maude Taylor, Helen McDowell, Bertha Manlove, Blanche Bleaver.

Grammar School, Eighth Grade—Hannah Kirk, Eva Iuelo, Miriam Berkman, Laura Connelley, Rose Evans, Tim Eukili, Elizabeth Gibbs, Jennie Gallagher. Seventh Grade—Orab Spry, Sarah Kates.

Sixth Grade—Elmer Kirk, Avery Donovan, Fifth Grade—Merrill Lockwood.

Primary School, Fourth Grade—A. Division, Odell Gallagher, Frank McWhorter, Mildred Vaughan, Clara Gallagher, Alma Whitlock, Mildred Freeman, B. Division, Frances Cochran, Millie Rosenberg, Albert Schuman, Lee Vinard, Lelia Pratt, Norris Lundy, Olive Lockwood.

Third Grade—Hattie Cochran, Marion Pinder, Edwin McDowell, Alice Hall, Claude Fouracre, Miller Reed, Helen McWhorter, Viola Marker, Florence Pennawill, Lucy Swain, George Swain, George Blansfield, Second Grade—Glady Long, Mary West, Esther Brynes, Clara Brady, Clyde Taylor, Richard Cochran, Samuel Lundy, Leon Shipley, First Grade—Nathan Armstrong, Laura Fogel, Corinne Van, Fannie Rosenberg, Edward Atwell, Clinton Jolis, Eugene Fouracre, Gilbert Pleasanton, Parker Schuman, F. L. McWhorter, Jr.

### Brown Cottage School

Nelson Sparks, Jessie Kohl, Eva Manlove, Edna Carpenter, Alexander Jarrell, George Insole, Mabel Allen, Mabel Conner, William Clark, Clara Carpenter, Bryan Boudien.

### Jamison's Corner School

Sixth Grade—Ethel Cleaver, Bertha Jarrell, Edith Gray, George Eustice, Nelson Neff, Harry Rhodes, Leslie Rhodes, George Bender, Fourth Grade—Rose Mullie, Esther Cleaver, Ida Jones, Harry Daniels, John Rhodes, George Rhodes, Leroy Huselet, Roy Dalley, Third Grade—Edna Shahan, Ethel Jarrell, John Gray, Harvey Sarin, Bertha Sarin, Norman Bender, First Grade—Wilson Gray, Victor Gray, Blanche Vail, Mary Dalley, Henry Handelman.

### Woodland School

Sixth Grade—Lillian Calvin, William Bryson, Joseph Bryson, Fifth Grade—William Wilson, Stella Walters, Emmett Dougherty, Harry Gray, Fourth Grade—William Wilson, Stella Walters, Emmett Dougherty, Harry Gray, Third Grade—Ruth Marker, Viola Morris, Second Grade—Willie Morris, First Grade—Maggie Calvin, Edna Armstrong.

### "WHIZ"

A writer of wonderful note

Came from regions far remote,

From across the ocean wide,

Which accounts for some of his pride.

This wizard of wonderful wit

Came into our town to make a hit,

By the newsmen he had to write,

Which caused some to want to fight.

Lately he came into our town,

Of course you've seen him 'round;

We've looked those letters o'er

And we know whom they were for.

But this stranger at once insinuated

That all the girls were fascinated

By his pleasant manner and his face

But the U. T. C. know this is not the case.

His head was swelled no doubt

By the girls from far down South (?)

Like this gentleman tall and thin.

One word tells about all

Of this gentleman so very tall,

"Married," we know he is

For straight it came from the lips of —

They say his wife is in the city,

We consider this a pity

She's not here to share his fame

What a shame! What a shame!

Everyone knew when the U. T. C. began to sew,

Knew that long, long ago,

Before you came into our town

To take such state notes down.

Now we've told his pedigree

One and all must surely agree,

This stranger with the pleasant phiz,

And who inquires into our "biz,"

Is the one whose name is "Whiz."

"Knockers the Club."

### ONE ON "WHIZ"

There is a man who calls himself

"Whiz,"

Who lends too much to others biz.

If "Whiz" would tend more to his own biz,

Then would he be a very "Bizzy Whiz."

PART.

### SEEN AND HEARD

That John is a fierce coffee drinker.

That Dr. Munyon says "there is hope."

That young (?) Charlie Derrickson is a mighty poor checker player.

That, if beauty is only skin deep, some folks are mighty thin skinned.

That Doctor Dan Stevens was a bottle baby; and is now awfully fond of milk.

That our friend "Rory" is now in the market for a few settings of hard-boiled eggs.

That a certain somebody does not like anyone to say "Skiddoo" or "half-smokes."

That very frequently there is more in the cliffed sausage than the law allows.

That some people only get their names in the paper through a murder, or when they get hung.

Let us all rejoice in the fact that our dearest friends do not know us as well as we know ourselves.

That W. D. Evans has no room to fish in his own pond, since our amateur detectives have gotten so busy.

A little humor now and then is relieved by the best of men, but jenny Christmas! it does get some folks mad.

That occasionally we are asked which is the most foolish, the girl with the rat in her hair or the lady with the bee in her bonnet?

That a good many of our male citizens are compelled to wear their hats continually or be accused of walking around undressed.

That when you tire of our modern fiction and wish to read something really blood curdling, you should get a label off a bean can.

That one writer says "All the world's a stage" and probably that accounts for the great number of bad actors we come in contact with.

That our minds are sorely troubled to learn that our friend "J." is a frequent visitor to Chesapeake for the purpose of calling on a young and dashing widow.

That when you hear one young lady say to another, something like this "R. S. V. P.," be deaf, and not too inquisitive, it merely means rat shows very plainly.

That when "Zack" was out west his foot slipped and he fell down an old mine shaft. That he fell for three days before he reached the bottom and sprained his arm.

That Judge Schuman has received a consignment of "hiss eggs" from a very stylish hennery not far distant, and that he is now taking orders from local fanciers for prize winners.

That we have a farmer heretofore named Duryea who knows a little something about market gardening; in fact it looks to me as though he can get more out of one acre of ground than can most of our farmers.

That once upon a time a certain family got busy and killed a tried and trusted cow named "Pyde" that was a trunk for one of our respected citizen's named Col. Geo. Ingram, and that almost ever since he has demonstrated his ability to sell farms all through New Castle County.

Well, the ladies sewing circle held another session this week at the home of Mrs. Charles Beaton. His! they are going to buy some kind of a board, with a Dutch-Irish name, that tells them "things." So now it's up to you fellows to be careful, because this board tells "the truth" and it will be here in town soon.

One of our young men whose surname commences with a P. really deserves our deepest sympathy; for gone are the days when he would gladly career to the City of Brotherly Love to look fetchingly on "The Sands." But alas! although the memories still live with him, poor boy! he now a case of "fall is over between us and me back the presents I promised you, etc., etc." Poor Tommy!

That nearly everyone of our young ladies have a "hope" chest, and are proud of their contents; but one particularly fetching damsel by the arrival of last Christmas had decided that to continue her collections would be needless, so she gave them away freely as presents. Poor L. I.

### PERSONALITIES.

Miss Mary Beaton was in Philadelphia on Saturday.

Mrs. L. E. Cullen spent this week with her daughter in Milford.

Mrs. W. R. Cochran is at home, after an extended stay at Elwyn, Pa.

Mr. Norman Gill, of Philadelphia, is spending several days at his home here.

Miss Lulu Vinard has returned from a short visit with Wilmington relatives.

Mrs. Carrie Farrell, of Smyrna, spent last Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Alexander Metten.

Mrs. James McColgan has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Norman P. Crouch, in Wilmington.

Mr. George D. Kelley, Jr., of Newark, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Kelley, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Price and little son Austin, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Ella J. Boyles.

Miss Frances Truitt spent several days the first of the week with her brother, Mr. E. A. Truitt and wife.

Mrs. J. B. Bender, of near town, spent several days with her son, Joshua Crossland and wife, this week.

Mrs. J. H. Mendelhall, of Wilmington, was here spending several days with her father, Mr. C. P. Cochran.

Mrs. John W. Redgrave and daughter Lydia, of Middle Neck, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Redgrave.

Rev. and Mrs. Percy L. Donaghy and children were entertained at dinner on Sunday by Mrs. W. K. Lockwood.

Rev. John Rigg, of New Castle, Del., was the guest of Mrs. G. F. Brady, of North Broad St., on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Ella J. Boyles who has been sick some weeks, is much improved, and we are glad to report she will soon be able to leave her room.

### A YOUNG INVENTOR

Arnold B. Colpitts has a Wireless Outfit in Operation

One of our staff was more than surprised the other morning when alighting from a north bound train at Mt. Pleasant to see a fairly and moderately equipped wireless outfit at the depot at that point. Upon inquiry he found that this apparatus belonged to Mr. Arnold B. Colpitts, the son of the station agent and a highly educated young man especially on the subject of wireless electricity, which study he has made a hobby of for the last year or so; in fact on his own instruments he daily receives messages from vessels far out at sea. The farthest points with which he has had communication up to the present have been Charleston, S. C., and Cape Hatteras.

When the steamer "Kenocky" was around quite recently this young gentleman was able to distinctly hear and fully understood the efforts being made to assist the disabled vessel.

This apparatus well for the new era dawned upon us, and when a young man but recently graduated from Friends School in Wilmington, our own State can thus far completely understand a complicated mechanism to such extent that he can make a reliable servant of same what this wonderful power finally accomplished when applied by those who are making a positive daily study of the possibilities open to us?

### OBITUARY

MARY E. HALL

News was received here early Saturday afternoon, February 26th, announcing the sudden death of Mrs. Mary E. Hall, at Reading, Pa., where she had gone several weeks ago, hoping the change would prove beneficial to her health.

For the past two years Mrs. Hall, who was the wife of Mr. Harry H. Hall, had been unwell, and relatives advised her to go to Reading, where it was hoped she would be benefited, but she continued to grow weaker until on the above date, Mrs. Hall who was aged 30 years, was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Brown, and for a number of years had been a member of Bethesda M. E. Church, and as long as her health permitted took an active part in the Epworth League and Sunday School work.

Seldom has it been our duty to record such an untimely death, but it may truly be said, she died as she had lived—loved, trusted and loved, and while she has departed from the conflicts, the sorrows and pleasures of life, she will long live in the memory of those who knew and loved her best.

To the bereaved husband, mother, father and brother, who to-day sit in sorrow where her footsteps shall never again find echo, we extend our sympathy, and may the peace that passeth all understanding come to them from One who cares for us all.

The remains were brought here on Monday and the funeral services were held at her late home on Crawford street Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock, the Rev. Vaughan S. Collins having charge of the services, assisted by Dr. F. H. Moore, of the Forest Presbyterian Church, and Rev. C. T. Wyatt, of the Harrison Street M. E. Church, Wilmington, who six years ago married, and by request, made the eulogy at the funeral. Interment was in Forest Cemetery, the pallbearers being: E. E. Denny, D. W. Stevens, Harry Hillyard, J. William Beaton, Albert Snydan and Arthur Evans.

### DR. T. A. ENOS

Dr. Thomas A. Enos died at his home in Townsend Sunday afternoon, February 27th, after a short illness, aged 56 years. Dr. Enos was stricken with pneumonia about two weeks previous to his death, and while everything possible was done to save his life, he never rallied. On December 31, 1888, he married Martha E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. S. Enos, of Townsend.

Seldom has a physician so endeared himself to a community as did Dr. Enos to the people of Townsend. Choosing Townsend as his field of labor, soon after taking his medical degree from Jefferson College, for more than thirty years he gave his best services to our people. In him we felt we had not only a worthy and careful physician, but also a kind and sympathetic friend. He was a quiet, modest, christian gentleman, and his Master he "went about doing good."

In 1905 he was appointed railroad physician for the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

He was a member of the Red Men, Golden Eagles and Junior Order of American Mechanics, members of which orders attended the funeral each furnishing two bearers. The funeral services were held in the Methodist Church, Rev. P. C. MacSquire took part, officiating Wednesday, March 2d, at one o'clock P. M.; interment being made in Townsend Cemetery.

He leaves not only a wife and son to mourn his loss, but the whole community share their bereavement.

### MRS. JOHN MAUL

After a brief illness Mrs. John Maul died at